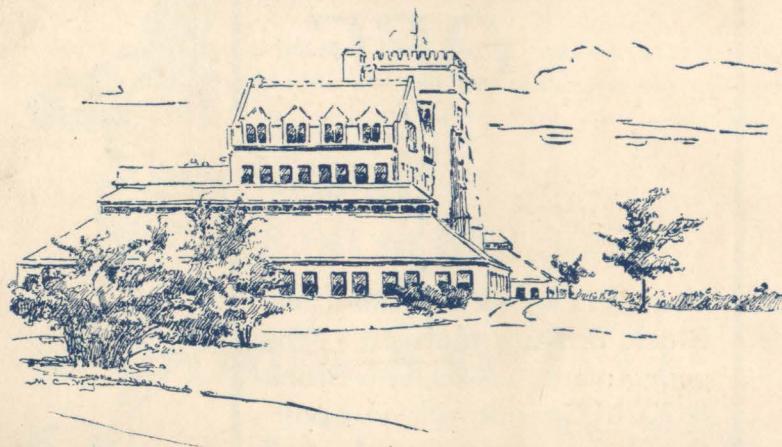


THE TECH

BRADLEY INSTITUTE

PEORIA, ILLINOIS



IN THIS ISSUE

A Soft, Mellow Tone

A Humorous Story by Thurston Owens

Beneath the Grease Paint

By Marjorie Rhoades

Athletic News

1917 Football Outlook

First Win of the Season

Vol. XXI

October

No. One

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Contents

Literary Department:	<i>Page</i>
Foreword, <i>Dr. T. C. Burgess</i>	11
A Soft Mellow Tone, <i>Thurston Owens</i>	12
In Autumn, <i>Esther Thompson</i>	15
To buy or Not to Buy, <i>Nina Keith</i>	15
Beneath the Grease Paint, <i>Marjorie Rhoades</i>	18
Bradley, <i>Esther Thompson</i>	20
Manual Arts Notes.....	21
Editorial.....	27
Exchanges.....	31
Club and Class Notes.....	32
Domestic Science Notes.....	35
Alumni.....	37
Horological.....	40
Social News.....	43
Athletics.....	47
Locals.....	54

Chas. L. Crawford

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THE TECH

BRADLEY POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE



Vol. XXI

Peoria, Illinois, October, 1917

No. 1

FOREWORD.

Bradley begins its twenty-first year under conditions never existing before in its history. Near the close of the last school year, the European conflict reached a point where the United States became necessarily involved, and consequently the school year of 1917-18 begins under war conditions. What is the duty of the schools and colleges of our land in these circumstances? Clearly it rests upon them to render effective assistance to their country in every way possible. Our college students should be ranked as perhaps the most enthusiastically patriotic body in the nation, but even this noble patriotism, this fine, unselfish devotion, grand and inspiring as it is, may fail of its true purpose unless controlled and directed by wise deliberation and sound judgment.

During the past summer in all correspondence, I enclosed the following printed slip, giving what seemed to me the concensus of opinion of the best educators. "When the English Commission, headed by Mr. Balfour, visited us a few months ago to confer with the authorities at Washington in regard to our part in the war, no point was emphasized more strongly than that we should avoid the mistakes of the Allies. Mr. Balfour made it clear that he regarded as the greatest error on the part of England and France that they had allowed the students in their institutions for higher education to volunteer in such large numbers at the opening of the war.

College students are, perhaps, more than any other body of young men, inspired by an enthusiastic patriotism. But it is regarded as a most serious error to allow them to enter military service in numbers beyond their natural quota. The President of the United States and leading educators have recently issued warnings along this very line. They regard the higher education of our young men and young women as a means of national defense, and hold that the most patriotic service which those of a college age can render to their country, unless actually called by the Government to military duty, is to continue their college training. It is a part of preparedness to maintain the intellectual strength of the country as well as its military and industrial power. There will be increasing need of trained men and women as the war continues, and a still greater need at its close. Students as a rule should not remain away from school or college at this crisis."

President Wilson has recently stated: "I would particularly urge upon the young people who are leaving our high schools that as many of them as can do so avail themselves this year of the opportunities offered by the colleges and technical schools, to the end that the country may not lack an adequate supply of trained men and women."

Let us as student, then, understand that the most patriotic service which we can render at present is to do well the duty set before us. From this point of view the daily task, the seemingly humble routine, takes on a new meaning, assumes an added importance and seriousness, becomes ennobled and inspiring. Let us continue the work of this school year with this thought, and do our daily work better, more happily, and more helpfully than ever before.

DR. T. C. BURGESS.

"A SOFT MELLOW TONE."

In room 127 there was mild excitement. The old fireplace, built for ornament rather than use, was strenuously resisting all efforts of a young man who knelt before it trying to kindle a fire. Adding fuel here and there, blowing on glowing coals, and poking cautiously, he coaxed along a sickly little flame which threatened every moment to vanish. Finally, the coal becoming heated, the whole mass suddenly burst into flame, lighting up a good-natured face with a broad forehead and a crop of unruly black hair.

"There," he puffed, backing away, "I guess she'll go now."

His friend turned from the window, from which he had been watching the street lights below.

"It smokes some," he observed, "but that won't be as bad as the chilliness."

"Oh, it's a bit bad right now, but it'll soon clear up. Isn't Tom late to-night?"

The other squinted through his glasses at the clock.

"Yes, it's almost half past six now. We'll have to go down to supper without him, if he doesn't—"

A step outside, and the door flew open.

"Speaking of the angels?" asked a cheery voice, as the third member of the "Big Three," as they called themselves, entered and deposited a bulky package on the table.

"We were speaking of supper," corrected he of the unruly hair, known as Fridricks, "You better hustle, if you are going with us."

Tom was already pulling off his overcoat.

"Be ready in a minute. We have oysters tonight, don't we?"

"We do. What's in that package you handled so carefully, eggs?"

"Oh, I struck a bargain. I'll show you fellows after supper. Come on Van, lead the way."

Down stairs they filed, and marched expectantly into the dining room, where Mrs. Baskam, the landlady, was to make good her promise of an oyster supper.

Some time later, when the "Big Three" were comfortably sitting around the fire, Tom arose to get his package.

"I was going by a window today," he began, unwrapping a long, unwieldy object, "when I saw this."

"Looks like a steam heater," commented Van, sprawling out on the couch. The last wrapping came off.

"A trombone!" snorted Fridricks disgustedly.

"Isn't that a bargain for eight dollars?" asked its owner proudly.

"And what are you going to do with that thing?" queried Van. "You can't play it in the house. Mrs. Baskam is terribly cranky about any kind of noise in her house. You discovered that, the night you tried to sing for us."

"Oh, she's too deaf to hear this. Anyhow the fellow I bought it from guaranteed it to have a 'soft mellow tone.' Those are his exact words."

"Hm, I'm skeptical. Here! Don't point that thing at my fire, you'll blow it out."

But the 'soft, mellow tone' was not forthcoming. Tom blew until his face was purple, but the only sound was a blast of air.

"I don't believe you got such a bargain after all," grunted Fridricks.

"Oh it takes practise to play it. You just wait 'till a week from now."

"All right, you let us know." Fridricks reached for his magazine, and Van shut his eyes for a quiet evening nap.

"I'll show them," thought the would-be trombonist, as he lengthened the slide preparatory to another attempt.

Ten minutes later Tom was still wrestling with his bargain. Fredricks had finished one chapter. Suddenly there was a deafening blast, which rocked the vases on the mantelpiece. Fredricks dropped his magazine. Van jumped into the middle of the floor, his eyes popping.

"Gosh!" he panted, "I thought this was resurrection morning."

"I told you I'd get it," cried Tom exultantly.

"I guess you will all right," was Fredrick's dry response. "Unless I am mistaken I hear Mrs. Baskam's footsteps on the stairs."

"Hide the thing quick or we'll be in for it," whispered Van. In vain they looked for a hiding place. "We've got an elephant on our hands."

"If an elephant's trump sounds anything like that, I never want to hear one," was Fredrick's sarcastic answer.

An authoritative knock sounded.

"Quick there, Gabriel, get under the table with that horn," directed Van in a stage whisper. Tom hastily complied. Van picked up a book and tried to look unconcerned while Fredricks ceremoniously opened the door.

"Good evening, Mrs. Baskam."

"I want to know what you gentlemen are up to now," said the shrill voice of the landlady, as she peered around the room over her glasses.

"Why on earth didn't she bring her ear trumpet," muttered Fridricks under his breath. Then loudly, "I didn't notice anything out of the usual, Mrs. Baskam."

"You needn't try to get out of it. All the boarders heard it, an' I heard it a bit myself, so it must'a been pretty loud."

Van who had risen, took a backward step toward the table. His heel encountered something which mashed under his weight. He quickly lifted it, but too late. There was a slight commotion and a stifled "Idiot!" from under the table, then all was quiet. Fredricks seemed to be having a hard time.

"But, Mrs. Baskam," he was shrieking, "it was an accident. Everybody occasionally has a night off!"

"Got a cough!—why didn't you say so in the first place. Poor boy, Such a cough as that. But I see you've got him in bed anyhow." Her near sighted eyes were looking at Tom's overcoat on the couch. "Just you wait a minute, I know what to do."

Before she could be stopped, she was off down the hall.

"Quick! Tom get on the couch. She'll be back," ordered Fredricks, "we've got to go on with it now."

"My horn is ruined," wailed Tom, as Van dragged him to the couch.

"Sh—Here she comes!"

Mrs. Baskam entered bearing a large bottle.

"This is Dr. Blain's cough syrup," she announced by way of introduction. "I've seen it tried time and time again, and it never fails. I'll give you a dose now, and then you take another in a half hour."

In spite of protest she poured a liberal dose, and Tom was forced to swallow it. He did not look overjoyed at its taste but said nothing.

"There," said the landlady with satisfaction, "like as not that has headed off the infla-pneumonia. Give him a dose every half hour, till bed time."

When she had closed the door, it was Tom who first found his voice.

"I would rather have the 'infla-pneumonia' ten times over than take any more of that stuff. Such a taste! I'm sick as a dog!"

"What'll we do with this horn?" demanded Fredricks, when the laugh had subsided, dragging a mass of mangled tubing from beneath the table. "She'll see it in the morning sure."

"Oh, I don't care. Do as you please, the thing is ruined now. I'm going to turn in."

Early the next morning, before anyone in the house was awake, a figure in stocking feet with dark hair and a queer bundle under his arm, stole through the house to the backyard. There he paused, as though looking for some one. Few were stirring. Down the alley came the ash man on his morning round. The man with the package hailed him. "Here!" he called cautiously, "I've got a job for you."

The driver pulled up his horses, and a hurried conversation ensued, during which he of the dark hair kept a watchful eye on the house.

"Well!" ejaculated the collector of ashes in conclusion, "Of all the contraptions I ever hauled—!"

"Oh, that's all right," as he passed him a coin. Then with a twinkle in his eye, "It's one of Mrs. Baskam's ear trumpets, but she won't need it any more."

—THURSTON OWENS.

IN AUTUMN.

One day the glow of summer clothed the land,
And flowers lived and bloomed on every hand;
The woodlands echoed with the cat bird's trills,
And joy and laughter charmed the sparkling rills.

Alas, that night there fell a silence deep—
In sadness all the flowers began to weep;
When morning came we found them limp and dead—
The pale sweet asters and the dahlias red.

In maple's leafy shade the feathered throng
With drooping wings, sang low the funeral song,
Before they should in sorrow leave their nest,
To journey southward on their autumn quest.

They wheeled and circled in the hazy sky,
Then, with majestic sweep, rose up so high.
And flew away to leave our land to snow,
And winter's lonely blasts that chilly blow.

The maple seemed no longer green and gay,
When pewee, lark and wren had flown away:
Its roseate leaf-robe, loosened by the frost,
In splendor, earthward, by the wind was tossed.—*Esther Thompson*

TO BUY OR NOT TO BUY.

Once upon a time there lived in a pretty little vine-covered house, a dear little bride and her happy husband.

Perhaps you are preparing to hear a fairy tale because the beginning is so like all fairy stories, but all the characters in this are perfectly substantial.

On a bright, sunshiny morning this little bride bid her husband farewell as he went to the office, and said, "Now, deary, do come home early for I'm going to have a most delicious dinner ready for you."

"I'll be here and ready for the heartiest dinner that can be cooked."

Then this little bride composed a menu for a most wonderful little dinner. "There now, and it doesn't exceed my allowance one penny; all of that for just four dollars. I know he'll be pleased."

Ting—a-ling—rang the door bell.

"Good mornin', won't ja buy some pins from a poor old cripple? My leg hain't been no good fur ten years, and my wife's home sick with the rheumatism, and my five children need clothes and food. Oh, Mrs., I'm in a terrible fix, I am. Won't ja ple—ease buy some pins?"

The tears were trickling down his face as he told his mournful story. The eyes of the little bride became moist too.

"Yes, yes, I'll take a quarter's worth. And wait a moment—" she hastily collected some apples, cake and bread and handed them to him. "Take these home to the kiddies."

"Thank'y, thank'y, Mrs."

She closed the door and looked at the packages of pins in her hand. "What will I ever do with them?" she thought. Then she went to the kitchen to clear away the breakfast things. Her dish-water had just become heated when the bell rang again.

She opened the door to a little, dirty girl.

"Please, ma'am, would you like to buy some machine oil? Ten cents a bottle. I'm trying to sell ten bottles. Then I'll get a doll."

"Oh that will be fine; I'll buy three bottles."

The little girl looked astonished. Three bottles! Why, she didn't expect to sell more than that all day. However she eagerly took the dimes and ran away very happy.

The bride returned to her dishes. "Oh, she thought, that's fifty-five cents gone. I'll have to cut the price of my dinner in some way. Let's see; perhaps lima beans are not necessary. Neither of us are so very fond of them." Then she cleaned up her dainty little dishes, washed and wiped them, and was just arranging them in the cabinet as another ting-a-ling came from the door-bell.

"My, we are popular today, but how monotonous life would be without interruptions now and then." "Good-morning," she said pleasantly to a rather dirty old man with a long rod-like thing in his hand.

"Would you like your cistern cleaned, lady?"

"No, not today, thank you."

"But, lady, this is the time of year when every body has their cisterns cleaned, or you'll be breeding mosquitoes, and then you'll get all bit up and then you'll wish you'd a took my advice an' got your cistern cleaned."

"Well, perhaps, that is true. What are the charges?"

"One dollar, lady."

"Oh! I can't afford that today."

"But, lady, it ought to be done."

"Well, all right." She turned from the door with a sigh. "One more dollar gone, but then perhaps it is necessary; but what shall I do for dinner? I'll have to give up the chicken, I suppose, then the dinner is almost spoiled. Well perhaps I can get some less expensive meat."

She went to the telephone and gave her order and then continued the work of straightening up her cozy little home. She was about her last task when for the fourth time that annoying door-bell rang.

"I don't think I'll go, because I do hate to refuse some poor, needy person." But her curiosity was too strong for her, so she tiptoed down the stairs, and peeked to see who was on the other side of the door. It was a handsome young man who stood with satchel in hand.

"Good morning, madam, I'm showing a complete line of aluminum ware; the best on the market and the first time shown in this city; guaranteed not to burn, break, bend, never to wear out or off. I want to introduce it in every well-kept home in the city, and if you will kindly allow me to step in, I'll show you my wonderful line of perfect kitchen ware." This he recited as if he were trying to see how much he could say in one breath.

After such a brilliant and voluble recitation he surely would not be refused an entrance. So, in he went and displayed first this, then that of his wondrous ware.

"They are things which are a necessity. Do you ever burn or scratch things?"

"Yes," she admitted that she often did.

"Then this is the only thing for you."

"But I can't possibly take any today!" she objected.

"Oh, that's what they all say, 'I haven't the money today', consequently I've had a poor day of it. I think this is the worst city on the map for business." He looked so worn and unhappy that the poor, tender brides' heart melted entirely and she said: "Well, I'll take a small order—that baking dish and this little pan. How much are they?"

"The baking dish" said the agent, his care-worn face becoming immediately bright, "is a dollar and a half, the other a dollar and a quarter."

She was about to refuse when she heard the price, but he said, "A very, very low price for pans of this make, in fact a great bargain."

He had struck the right note there, for "nothing that was a bargain could be passed by without missing a great chance to save," thought this little bride.

The agent departed, taking all but twenty cents of her money and leaving the two pans. She sat down with the money in her hand, twenty cents—the dream of her wonderful little dinner vanished—nothing but pans, pins and machine oil left and "hubby" couldn't make a meal on those.

She reluctantly went to the telephone and cancelled her order. Oh, how she hated to do it, but she must. After hanging up the receiver, she laid her head on the desk and cried. It was the first unhappy moment of her married life, for she could see her husband coming to a dinner of pans, pins and machine oil and a cleaned cistern. He would look at her sternly and inquire briskly, "What does this mean? Where is the wonderful dinner you promised to—"

"T-r-r-ring" the telephone interrupted.

"Hello," she said in a rather tearful voice.

"Hello, deary, what's the matter?" a kind voice came over the wires. Immediately she became ashamed for ever imagining that her husband could be cross.

"Nothing," she said in a more steady tone.

"I'm very, very sorry, dear, but we'll have to postpone that wonderful dinner until another day, for I just can't get home this evening, as I only have a half hour. I want you to come down to take dinner with me."

"Oh yes, I will," she almost screeched over the telephone, and went singing to her work.

—NINA KIETH

BENEATH THE GREASE PAINT.

The flaring lights flickering on the grotesquely painted face of Dorgan, the principal clown in Hackensack's one-ring circus, sputtered in a feeble attempt to remain lighted. The smell of damp sawdust, the odor of bacon from the cook tent, and the stuffy air of the animal tent went to Dorgan's head as he leaned against a wobbly post, in a vain effort to steady his trembling limbs. Hardly realizing his make-up, he rubbed his baggy sleeve over his perspiring face, making himself look all the more ridiculous, with a smudge over cheek and nose. As in a trance, he heard the crack of the ring master's whip, as the "Marvelous Martini Troupe" went through their act. How he had gone through with his performance he didn't know but he remembered once, when stumbling along, blindly he had tripped over the edge of the ring and gone down almost at the feet of the prancing black horse, while the crowd laughed all the more.

Now something seemed to snap in his head, the lights swung dizzily around, the blaring music grew distant, and Dorgan fell heavily at the feet of the snakely-clad contortionist, "Joey" bent over, snatched off Dorgan's head covering and pushed back the iron gray hair. "Hurry, boys," he called, "Dorgan's keeled over!" The sword-swallowers, who was alone in the cook tent snatched a dipper of water and ran into the menagerie tent. He dashed the icy water into Dorgan's face. Dorgan opened his eyes and glanced wildly about. "Let me up! I've gotta go! Let me up, Joey! Help me!" he cried.

"Now! now! Tom! you can't go nowhere. Lay still a minute. Ye'r all in!" said Joey, as several others ran up.

One of the men produced a pocket flask, opened it and poured a little whiskey into the screw top. "Here, Tom, drink this!" he said holding it to his lips.

When Dorgan had swallowed it, he sat up, looked at the people around with some little shame, and rubbed some of the paint off. Then he said, "Don't seem natural for Tom Dorgan to faint around like a girl, but—" he choked a little—"I've had bad news, boys. My kid, my baby—" Big sobs prevented his continuing, and he made a feeble attempt to get up. A dozen offered their service. Soon he was on his feet, his skin under the grease ashy white, his hands trembling slightly, but otherwise the same old Dorgan.

"I can't go on to Danvers. I've got to catch a train to Chi—right away. I just got word, before my act, that the kid was worse, and she's callin' for her daddy."

"Gee! Philipp's'll be sore," broke in a thoughtless acrobat. "He was just sayin' as you was the hit of the show tonight."

"Can't help that, sonnie," said Dorgan, his face twisted in a grim smile, "My baby's worth more to me than all the jobs Philipp's can give me, and I'm goin'," and he gathered up his belongings and walked away.

An hour later Dorgan was speeding toward Chicago. From his appearance, no one could have told the mental torture he was enduring, or could have guessed the impatience at the speed, or lack of it. He looked a prosperous, suburban resident, returning from a business trip. An occasional hasty glance at his watch was his only evidence of impatience. Twenty years travel had taught him not to complain.

At length, the Flyer panted into the depot shed looming ominously dark overhead. The bustling railroad station crowd, always in a hurry, and never seeming to get any where tried him sorely. Finally he shook himself free of them, and stopped a moment to breathe in the cool air, and perhaps to send a swift, silent prayer to the cold, glistening stars.

A hoarse cry of "Taxi, sir? Taxi?" came to his ears. Mechanically he motioned for one, and gave the address. During that silent, dark ride he knew just what his child meant to him. She was all that was left him and a continual reminder of the gentle mother who stood only four years of rough circus life. And now he thought dumbly, his baby was dying.

The jolt of the taxi, as it came to an abrupt stop before an unpretentious place, roused him. He crushed a bill into the driver's hand, and by force of habit gathered up his suitcase and overcoat, with a carefulness to detail that comes of twenty years of travel. He ran up the steps and softly let himself in.

A dim light, burning in a tiny hall, cast an unearthly glow, and Dorgan shivered as he turned it higher.

An elderly woman appeared at the head of the stairs. As Dorgan saw her, he sighed. She came slowly down stairs, one hand on the balustrade, with a sad and infinitely pitying look.

Dorgan wet his lips and tried to frame a question. No sound came. Fearfully he watched her as Reading his query, she said, "A half hour sooner, Tom, would have been time. But, now, it's too late. She called for you till the last." She wiped her eyes on her apron and sighed.

Dorgan gazed at her. The flowers on the wall paper seemed to dance foolishly, and, oddly enough to remind him of the Martinis flying through the air. The air seemed to suffocate him. Blindly he tried to clear up his mind. He let his sister lead him upstairs, and into the room.* * * *

Two days later, Dorgan saw the familiar tent loom up once more. He heard the band playing the opening air for the pageant. He had come in answer to a curt telegram from Philipps saying his job would be open one more day. He stepped inside the tent and saw the red lemonade venders, peanut boys, program boys and all the countless army which make up the circus, each at their accustomed places, working as if nothing had happened.

Dorgan was outwardly the same, except that he had a consuming desire for sympathy. He wanted to talk, talk, and Joey was the first one in whom he confided. The thin contortionist had a look of genuine pity, as he came up to Dorgan, and listened to all Dorgan said.

"She was the only one I had left, Joey," he was saying when the harsh voice of Philipps broke in—

"Back, Dorgan? I thought that'd bring ya'. Ya' can't stand there loafin'. I don't pay you to 'gas to Joey. Get ready! You're next!"

Habit had taught Dorgan to obey the manager's surly commands, and it came to Dorgan's aid as he stumbled into the dressing room.

He sat down heavily before a trunk, propped a small mirror up on it, took a daub of whitening on his fingers and began to make up.

Fifteen minutes later, when he tripped out into the ring, and stumbled with calculated precision over the customary chair, no one could have guessed his grief, and his revulsion of feeling for his work. He looked the same old Dorgan, the same funny clown. How could the manager know his remark had been as ice water dashed into his face. One tear more or less does not disfigure a grease paint make-up. The manager smiled in content and satisfaction as he heard the shouts of laughter, and concluded that "old Dorgan was drawing just as well as ever if he was a gloom when he wasn't 'on'."

—MARJORIE RHOADES.

BRADLEY.

On a sunny crested hill-top near the prairies,
Stands a school of virtue ranked among the best,
Where the river Illinois is gently flowing,—
'Tis Peoria's highly honored friend and guest.
Dear Bradley is her ever-glorious title,
Beloved of all her students old and young.
Forever let her name be highly honored,
And forever let her praises loud be sung.

In athletics too, as well as Math, and English.
Plucky Bradley boys are always at the head;
In chorus, Polyscope, domestic science,
Manual training, shopwork—we are never led.
Our social hall and fireside give us pleasure,
And by its cheerful light, we love to stay.
Many friendships, dear to us, we form at Bradley—
Pleasant memories, when we shall go away.

Many years has Bradley stood upon the hill-top,
Students came from many states in our broad land—
Even from abroad and islands of the ocean,
Glad to number with the growing Bradley band.
Her portals always open to the stranger,
Dear Bradley claims them, as her children dear.
Loud they enter now the chorus of her praises,
And with us wish her long successful years.

—Esther Thompson.



Edited by Howard E. Kelly and Ernest R. Stotler.

The staff of instructors in the Manual Arts Department has been changed somewhat from that of the last school year. The resignation of Messrs. Frazier, Fleming, and Dwyer has made necessary the acquisition of new members for the faculty.

Mr. W. B. Humphrey, who has been appointed in the Art Department, comes to us from a position in the University of Chicago. He is a man of exceptional ability, and one who will undoubtedly do much toward placing Bradley on an even higher plane than the one which she now enjoys. Mr. Humphrey is a man of wide experience. He graduated from Dartmouth in the year of 1914, and later became a member of the Students' Art League in New York. While in that city Mr. Humphrey became interested in commercial art work, being in the employ of McClure's. During the last summer he was an instructor in the Department of Art Education in the University of Chicago.

There will be no immediate changes from the system followed by Mr. Frazier, but as soon as Mr. Humphrey becomes more acquainted with the conditions here he hopes to put into practice some new and desirable phases of art work.

The Automobile Course is now being conducted by Mr. C. M. Hewitt, with the assistance of Mr. Ora Neill. Mr. Hewitt is a man of large capabilities, and one who knows the gas engine and automobile game as do few other instructors. As to the preparation of Mr. Hewitt, he is a graduate of the Iowa State College from the year of 1909, with the degree of B. M. E. Since that time he has been affiliated with several of the better known motor companies and garages in the Central and Middle Western States. When approached for some information on the Automobile Course, Mr. Hewitt made the following statement:

"There are now twelve boys in the regular course, and all are planning on staying the entire year with the intention of working together and making the year's work a big success. The Automobile

Course is interesting and beneficial from the standpoint of the rapid changes that are taking place in motor car design all the time. If one does not keep right up to date he will soon be riding in an old model and taking the other fellows' dust.

"Some of the boys are taking the course with the idea of being better able to care for and to repair their own cars. Many plan to become expert repairmen and salesmen. Others will teach automobile work, and a few will have their own shop or garage with a large sign in front of it, with the legend: 'Automobiles Repaired and Fords Fixed'.

"The aim of the course is to give the student: first, the basic mechanics and electricity, which are the foundations for all motor car construction; second, to study and compare the methods in which these principles are applied by the motor car builders; and third, to enable the student to make a special study of the particular phase of the automobile work in which he is most interested.

"Just now we are deep in the study of springs and axles, rebound and thrust, bevel gears, spur gears, and spiral gears, and why a floating axle is a live axle, and how a live axle may not be a floating axle.

"We are also learning the difference between gear ratio and wheel base, in order not to make the mistake of the man who had his car shipped direct from the factory. On receiving the car he took the specifications and checked everything with care. He then sent to the factory the following telegram: 'Car arrived and everything here except the wheelbase. Please send that at once as we want to use the car Sunday!'"

The following is an incomplete list of the graduates of the Automobile Course in 1917:

Albert Boerckel and Frank Berquist are in the employ of the Crown Auto Company of Peoria.

J. A. Winters is employed in Rock Island, his home being in that city.

Messrs. Seymour and Jones have gone to southern Illinois and are in the auto business for themselves.

B. Bowles is working in an East Peoria garage.

The class in metal working, composed mainly of second year Academy boys, is now being taught by Philip Becker. Mr. Becker has had wide experience in the machinist and metal working trades, and will undoubtedly be able to instruct the class in an advantageous manner.

While engaged in such work Mr. Becker is receiving valuable practice in teaching, which will be of benefit to him later.

The method of teaching the M. A. 5, or the first year Normal wood-working class, is somewhat different from that of former years. Mr. Hurff has charge of the class at present, and is instructing the students in the use of the hand tools. It is planned to have Mr. Johnson take charge of the class during the winter quarter, and give a thorough course in upholstering. During the spring quarter, the class will be divided into two divisions, each alternating with wood-turning under the supervision of Mr. Johnson, and applied carpentry under Mr. Hurff's instruction.

HOW THE INSTRUCTORS ENJOYED THEIR VACATIONS.

Mr. Seipert was at Bradley during the summer school term. After that he went to the University of Chicago, attending what is known as the Second Session.

Mr. Bennett was in Peoria during the summer, with the exception of one week. This short time was spent in making sketches of nearby points of interest.

During the few weeks between the Summer Session and the Fall Term, Mr. Wharry and family visited in southern Wisconsin. Mr. Wharry spent some time investigating the methods and conditions to be found in the factories. He was in Beloit, Delavan, Elkhorn, and Rockford. Also the fishing was fine, according to Mr. Wharry. "My brother-in-law and I went out one morning for about three and one-half hours. When we came back we had just forty good sized fish. That was the best day's luck."

Miss Mickel spent the summer in Berlin, Wisconsin. She reports having had an enjoyable vacation.

Wouldn't you enjoy a three thousand mile trip in a Ford? You can be justly envious of the manner of Mr. Elwood's vacation, for he had the pleasure of a month's outing in his car. Mr. Elwood visited in New York City and other places in the East. On the return trip he followed the Lincoln Highway. While in Toledo he spent some time with Mr. Evans, who was formerly superintendent of the Manual Arts Department at Bradley.

Mr. Johnson accompanied Mr. Elwood as far as New York, and then completed his journey by railway. He spent some time in Boston, and while there he accidentally met Mr. and Mrs. Graper who were formerly of Bradley. On the return trip, Mr. Johnson came by way of Canada, stopping at Montreal for some time. According to Mr. Johnson the real joy of travelling is to be found in a customs house, where one has the privilege of giving one's pedigree, and of having the baggage thoroughly examined.

Mr. Raymond was employed during the summer in a Peoria brass foundry. His work consisted in examining each melt of brass in order to see that it came up to the government requirements. As the brass was purchased by the government, the position filled by Mr. Raymond was one that required a most skilled person.

Mr. Hurff believes in a modified "return to nature." When not working in the Bradley mill, he spent most of his time on his farm which is located just outside the city.

NOTES.

This year the Manual Arts Department has two of its former students again in its enrollment. Mr. R. O. Comp, who graduated from the two year course in the class of 1911, is here working for the B. S. degree. Incidentally he is also a football candidate. Since leaving in 1911 Mr. Comp has been teaching manual training in the schools at Watseka, Illinois, and also working in the carpenter's trade. The notebook, according to Mr. Comp, is one of the teacher's best and most necessary aids, and all skill should be used in its initial preparation.

Mr. C. A. Sherman is with us again after having been away since 1913. At that time he was enrolled in the engineering course, but quit in order that he might teach music. Mr. Sherman spent some time in the western states but finally accepted a position as draftsman for the Halliday Motor Car Company, at Streator, Illinois. Mr. Sherman has the distinction of having served on border duty with the Illinois National Guard during the time from June 19, 1916 to February 21, 1917.

It is always a topic of interest to know where our fellow students have gone on graduating from Bradley. Most of the class of 1917 have sent word to the office as to their location, and also as to the work that they are engaged in. The following list, is of necessity, incomplete.

Adolph Baluka has a fine position at Woodhull, Illinois. He is teaching Manual Arts subjects.

One of the class of 1917 has gone to Chicago. Frank Butler is employed by a large construction company which has headquarters in that city.

A. B. Chadwick has gone to North Dixon to teach Manual Training.

James Dennis has moved to Detroit, having been appointed as an instructor in that city.

The schools of Danville, Illinois have secured the services of Grover Flaningham.

Earl Flick has gone back to his own state of Ohio, and is now teaching at Barberton.

Marimon Hansbery responded to the needs of his country. He joined one of the companies of Uncle Sam's soldiers.

Cap Herdrick is dispensing knowledge to the youths of Oxford, Indiana.

Glen Hershberger is now an instructor in the public schools of Aitkin, Minn.

Ormal Higgins has gone to Watseka to begin his career as an instructor. He has the position which was made vacant on account of Mr. Comp's return to Bradley.

Harold Huntington is a Manual Training instructor in the schools of Dickinson, North Dakota.

Roy Kern has accepted a position as an instructor in the public schools of Columbus, Nebraska.

Dick Merrill, of basketball fame is now following the teacher's trade in Onarga, Illinois.

Harry Rothwell graces the chair of Manual Arts instructor in Wilton Junction, Iowa.

One of the former editors of this department, Richard Royster, has accepted a position as a teacher of Manual Training in Davenport, Iowa. However, on account of being drafted, he will have to go into a training camp in October.

Lloyd Smith was fortunate enough to be able to teach for a few weeks before his term was over. He is now located at Washington, Iowa.

Miss Remda Westerman is now teaching at Trivoli, Illinois.

Kenneth White is employed as a Manual Training instructor at Angola, Indiana.

A. Wiegmann is a resident of Decatur, and instructs the younger generation in the "whys and wherefores" of Manual Training.

After Bradley students have been out of college for some time they often give more than a passing thought to their Alma Mater. Mr. Bennett receives letters occasionally from some of the Alumni, and the following are brief glimpses of the work which they encounter.

Robert Woellner of the class of 1915 is now a teacher in the Normal School at Buffalo. He is particularly engaged in classes in Shop Work, Pedagogy, and Physics. The Normal School makes a specialty of training teachers.

The position of Director in the Isadore Newmann Manual Training School was offered to J. W. Curtiss, of the class of 1908. However the people of Memphis had come to place so much confidence in Mr. Curtiss' ability that they offered to him a substantial increase in salary, provided he stay at Memphis. At present Mr. Curtiss is still at Memphis.

Jasper A. Smith, who graduated in the class of 1915, is employed as an assistant in Piqua, Ohio. At present he is employed in making tent poles for the government.

That the work of Bradley is of great benefit is attested to by A. L. Jordan. Since leaving in 1915, Mr. Jordan has risen to a first lieutenancy. Although having volunteered to go to France, he was chosen as one of five out of one hundred fifty to study the science of trench digging. He is now in charge of a class of prospective engineers at Montgomery, Alabama. Mr. Jordan claims that his knowledge of French and mechanics greatly enabled him to advance.

The Manual Arts Press announces the publication of a new book "The Manual Arts" by Mr. C. A. Bennett. While this volume has been out but a short time, it seems to have gained popular favor immediately, as can be seen from the gratifying praise given it by well-informed men throughout the country. In a general way, the book may be characterized as something new on "Selection and Organization of

Subject-Matter, and Methods of Teaching." The Normal students will find the book a great help in arranging courses in teaching, as much space is devoted to that phase of the work.

The students of Bradley were treated to a holiday at the Peoria Fair on September 20th. This annual institution is of real value to the students for it makes possible the examination of various works of handicraft.

It is a safe assertion to state that each Bradleyite felt a thrill of satisfaction on seeing the exhibit arranged by his college. Although due credit must be given to the Horologs, the greater portion of the work is from the Manual Arts students. Food stuffs, metal work, engraving, designs, drawings and furniture, each showing careful and conscientious study, were on display that all people might know of Bradley and its productions.

The M. A. 5 class, in charge of Mr. Hurff, took an eight mile hike in the woods north and west of Peoria on September 22nd. The morning was spent in gathering samples of the leaves and fruits of different trees. In all, between fifteen and twenty specimens were collected by each student. In order to complete the work, each student will make a drawing of each sample, these samples to be filed in the note book. While the hike was planned primarily for the purpose of procuring the samples, much of the time was spent in real fun, and all of the boys reported having had a good time.

It is a source of real pleasure to know that a large quantity of the furniture in the Institute is made in the shops of the school. The students in the mill have nearly completed an oak kitchen cabinet for the new Practice House on Bradley Avenue. The next project will probably be a complete and up-to-date filing cabinet for the Manual Arts office. At present it is not known just what the class in carpentry will build; but as there are orders for three more garages, it is quite likely that the problem will be the usual garage building.

For some unaccountable reason, there is the erroneous belief among some students that the teachers have no manual work to do. However, this is entirely the wrong idea. Even in their vacations the instructors are haunted by work and worry. Notice in the accompanying picture the predicament of Mr. Elwood and Mr. Johnson on their trip East. It would appear that even Fords are not immune from punctures. The photograph might be appropriately entitled "Tire Trouble, Forty Miles from Nowhere, and Without Breakfast."





EDITORIAL



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THE TECH is published by the students of Bradley Polytechnic Institute on or about the third Thursday of each month. All copy should be in the hands of the editors by the fifth of the month to insure publication. The subscription price is \$1.00 a year if paid before January 1st, and \$1.25 thereafter. Single copies 15 cents. Subscriptions should be paid to manager only.

ARE WE INDIFFERENT?

We students of Bradley know the most patriotic service we can render our country is to remain in school, fitting ourselves to take up part of the huge burden of the war.

We realize how disastrous would be the result should we let overzealous patriotism outweigh sound judgment and allow the supply of college trained men and women to become depleted.

Knowing how badly each individual is and will be needed in order to carry the war to a successful conclusion; knowing at what cost we are being urged to remain in college, are we making the most of our opportunities?

Can we afford to waste time and money as freely as we have in the past? Are we justified in spending so many dollars for dances, theatre-parties, and confections, while patient, self-denying women and children in a half-dozen countries in Europe

are accepting a food pittance which barely ties soul and body together, and while children in France and Belgium are starving when only a few cents a day would keep them alive?

In spite of the fact that nearly half of the men examined for the new national army were found physically unfit, some students still protest against compulsory physical training.

It may be our turn next. Are we ready physically and mentally to play our part, "To the Last Cent—To the Last Man—To the Last Heart-beat"?

THE OUTLOOK FOR DEBATE. Prospects for another successful debating season have assumed a brighter hue now that the suspense is over, and our coach, Rowland G. Collins, is once more back on the job.

Last year, it will be remembered, for the first time in her history, Bradley won both Academy debates, and both College debates. Peoria High School, Pekin High, and Lombard College, all were defeated by her superior logic and training. This year we are out to repeat.

Only two of last year's college men are back but Mr. Collins has the use of four former academy debaters who are now eligible for college teams.

With six experienced men as a nucleus, it is hardly probable that the college team will meet with complete disaster. The academy teams will be comprised entirely of inexperienced men, but in view of the double victory of last year, no one can question Mr. Collins' ability to place a winning team on the platform.

Plans are not yet complete as to questions, or dates, for debate. It is probable that a triangle debate, such as the academy participated in last year, will be arranged for the college teams. Although uncertain, it is possible that Knox College may be included in the league.

While Bradley displays a fine brand of "pep" and school spirit toward athletics, she has always neglected debating.

No team works harder than a debating team, yet no team receives less recognition and support. The student body should grasp the idea that debates are not for the purpose of dispensing free knowledge, but are a branch of intercollegiate competition and as such, deserve their interest and support.

CHAPEL ETIQUETTE No doubt we have all, at some time during our lives, been embarrassed and perhaps thoroughly disgusted by the inconsiderate and unrefined actions of an audience of which we were a part. Such instances are not infrequent in theatres and public meetings where the more ignorant class of people are present, but in an educational institution such as Bradley there is absolutely no excuse for their occurrence.

If we are unfortunate in having a tiresome or nervous speaker, remember, we are not at the Orpheum, attempting to convince the management that we do not like its production.

Respect and consideration for the dignity of the chapel exercises should cause us to accept the situation patiently, however tiresome or amusing it may seem. Restlessness or subdued mirth only tend to render it more distressful.

WHY NOT A BAND? It has come to the knowledge of the Tech that a student in the Horological department, Mr. Roy Amos, has had several years' experience as a band leader. This raises the question "Why not a band?" It is probable that in such a large body of students there are a number who play band instruments. Could anything do more toward instilling "pep" and college spirit into a contest than the strains of Bradley loyalty songs led by a Bradley band? Again we ask "Why not a band?"

TECH PRIZES. The Tech has always been somewhat handicapped by a lack of voluntary contributions. For some reason students must be flattered or cajoled into thinking they are above the average before they even attempt to write for the magazine. Such undue modesty or vanity, we hesitate to call it laziness, must be overcome if the quality of the Tech is to maintain its steady improvement. We call attention to the Tech prizes:

Ten dollars (\$10.00) for the best story.

Ten dollars (\$10.00) for the best poem.

Five dollars (\$5.00) for the second best story or poem.

Five dollars (\$5.00) for the person handing in the largest number of accepted jokes. These prizes are to be awarded to someone. Why not try for them?

OUR NEW TEACHERS.

It has been the custom at Bradley, for some unknown reason, to change some of the teachers under cover of the summer months or perhaps, merely to replace some who seem to have forgotten to come back. And so, when about the second week of school, we come to visit our favorite class in German, behold there is a new *Fraulein* usurping the chair of teaching. At first we protest and perhaps it is another week before we condescend to renew her acquaintance. But after all, we know we must submit and gradually we come to see that she is not as bad as might be expected and I believe some of us really begin to like her before the next summer.

This year I am sure it is safe to prophesy that we will all like every one of our new teachers and do our best to make their work as easy and as pleasurable as possible. In order to give the students a little better knowledge of these teachers we have written these short biographies.

Miss Gertrude Harvey is taking the place of Mr. Smith as assistant in Chemistry. She is a graduate of Northwestern University receiving her degree of A. B. in 1912. For one year she taught in the high school at Assumption, Illinois. During 1913-14 she was teaching in a private school for boys in Nebraska. After that she taught for two years in a high school at Greenup, Illinois, and the last year in Barrington, Illinois. She has completed two years of extension work and two summers at the University of Chicago.

Miss Pearle Oliver is assisting in Biology in the place of Mr. Edwards. She spent one year, 1913-14, in the University of Iowa. For the next three years she attended the University of Chicago, specializing in Biology, at the end of which she received her B. S. degree. She is a member of the national sorority, Alpha Chi Omega.

W. B. Humphrey is teacher in Free Hand Drawing. He graduated from Dartmouth College in February, 1914, completing four years' work in three and a half years. Subsequent to this he studied at the Art Students' League in New York City. He had some experience in commercial art and in advertising. In 1914 he was at the head of the Art Department of McClure's and Harper's Weekly. Also he was in the advertising service department of the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph. This spring he spent at the Art Students' League and this summer he gave two courses in the University of Chicago, one in Advanced Drawing and Painting and another in Advanced Design.

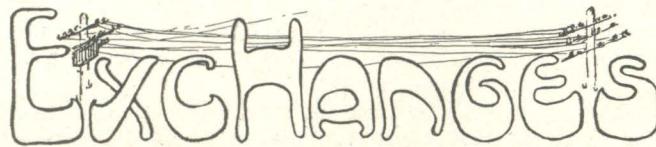
C. M. Hewitt is taking Mr. Fleming's place in the automobile work. He graduated from Iowa State College with a Bachelor's Degree in Mechanical Engineering in 1909. He was Road Expert for the Flour City Tractor Co., Minneapolis, Minn., in 1909-10; machinist for the Fairbanks Morse Co., Beloit, Wis., in 1910; draftsman and machine shop foreman for the Colby Motor Co., Mason City, Iowa, from 1913 to 1916. Last year he taught at Ely, Minn.

Miss Cornelia Luce is teaching in the Cooking Department. She graduated from the State Normal School at Maryville, Md., in 1910.

During 1911 she was a resident at the Laurence Settlement House in Baltimore, Md. She was Supervisor of Domestic Science in Bridgeport, Conn., in 1912-13. In 1915 she graduated from the Columbia Teachers' College with a B. S. degree. From 1915 to 1917 she was assistant in Home Economics at the State Normal School in Stevens Point, Wis.

Miss Lena M. Buckey is assisting in Latin and Greek. She is a graduate of Hedding College and taught Latin and English in Hedding Academy for a time. Then she did some additional work at Ohio Wesleyan where she took her Bachelor's degree. For a year she taught Latin in the high school at Primghar, Ohio. Then Latin, Greek and some English for two years in Lordsburg College, Lordsburg, Cal. She did department work for several months in the Public Schools of Caldwell, Idaho.

Miss Elizabeth Campbell is teaching in the Sewing Department. For two years, 1909-11, she was a student at Northwestern University. In 1917 she received a B. S. degree from Columbia University. Her home is in Monica, Illinois.



EXCHANGES

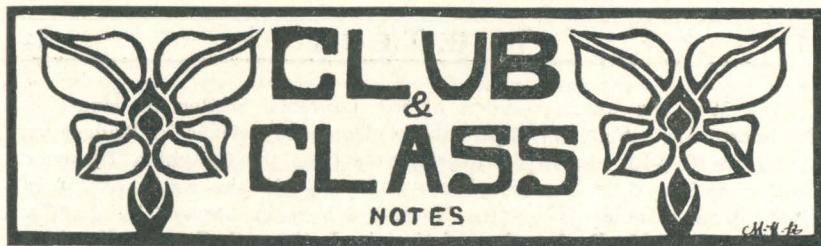
Edited by Leland Fleming.

To some Bradley students perhaps there is nothing more painful than the sight of the Exchange page. If they read it at all it makes their eyes flood with tears, makes wrinkles grow upon their chaste brows, shrivels up their nose into ugly corrugations and arrests the free flow of the salivary juices, inhibiting the functioning of the organs of relish. Really, it makes them assume a rigid facial attitude which renders it psychologically impossible for their heart to melt into a smile of commendation over its substance.

But seriously, there are many reasons why the exchange department could be made a valuable one. As you very likely know the Tech business manager sends over fifty Techs to various schools in the central west. What possible reason is there for such an action? It is only through these school papers that other folks know what Bradley is and what she is doing.

We in turn, see college life as it exists in other schools. Thus it is that the exchange department forms a bond between the schools. It has been the tendency in the past few years for the school papers to establish exchange departments for the express purpose of criticism both favorable and otherwise.

As a last word let me say that only by reading the exchanges (these are kept in the library) can one derive the full value of the department.



Edited by Booth Williamson.

Exclusive of Greek letter societies there are about sixteen organizations with which we of Bradley have to do. Of these, some we are born to, some we attain, and others we have thrust upon us. For example, if a future Bradleyite with a triple action interior shows hardihood sufficient to eat anything from stale crackers to bricks from an unwashed plate, he will doubtless belong to the Literary Club where such things are not only tolerated but encouraged. We fear that the Literary Club is not exclusive in this.

Then there are select bodies such as the English Club which are attained either by accident, pull, or natural literary taste.

Of those which are thrust upon us we might mention, say perhaps the senior class, junior class, yea and even the Y. M. C. A., with the usual accompaniment of dues, class pins, pictures for the Polyscope, banquets, more dues, etc., which are guaranteed to render a student financially defunct within nine months.

But whether we have been born to, have attained to, or have had thrust upon us all of these varied activities of school life we must not forget that we are all members of the *one* Bradley, that Bradley must be our thought of the present and hope of the future and let unity of feeling and good fellowship be our aim as we begin the new year.

CHORAL CLUB.

Two meetings of the Choral Club thus far have resulted in the selection of a slate of officers, and the announcement of the cantata to be undertaken (note the word "undertaken"). "The Deacon's Masterpiece" or "The Wonderful One Hoss Shay" will assuredly be a fit subject for a first class undertaker if we don't have more support from the men. This is startlingly shown by the fact that most of the men present at the second meeting were made officers. Their names follow: President Herbert White; Vice President, Bernice Boblett; Secretary-Treasurer, Leland Fleming; Joint Librarians, Edwin Jacquin and Booth Williamson.

The ladies as usual, responded nobly but as for the men, there seems to be something wrong. Either there are a good many self-styled professionals in our midst who scorn the chorus, or there is an extraordinary majority of persons who are afraid of their own voices. If you belong to one or the other of these classes, you either ought to be ashamed of yourself or else encouraged by the example of others as the case may be. Join the chorus, you'll not regret it.

CLASSICAL CLUB.

A group of young people specializing in dead languages, assembled in Social Hall, Thursday evening, October 4th to talk things over. After the reading of the constitution as a warning to all new members, and a few remarks by Graham Battles, president, short talks were made by various members, each of whom pictured to those assembled the delights of a vacation spent in remote parts of the United States. It seems that while Dr. Burgess was coasting down the continental divide in Glacier Park, Mrs. Sutton was improving her mind in Classic Boston or feasting sumptuously off a colonial doorway in Old Salem.

Other reports from Lucile Cook on a lake trip, and Margaret Turnbull on a motor tour through the Wisconsin Dells indicated that these at least had lived up to their ideas of a good time. After the meeting there was a short social hour.

LITERARY CLUB.

The Literary Club's first meeting was attended on the evening of October second by about two dozen persons who heard with mingled feelings of satisfaction and apprehension the proposed course of the club's work this year. It has been thought well to devote more attention to the drama, and to that end, under the guidance of Mr. Collins, the club will attempt a play every three weeks in place of the usual fortnightly meeting and formal program. It is to be hoped that this change will prove satisfactory.

Two other changes of considerable interest were announced namely: raising of dues to one dollar per year, joint meetings to be held with the English club in connection with dramatic study. Cooperation of this and different character might well be practised by other societies.

Owing to the fact that the president-elect, Mr. Crammond did not return to Bradley this year, it was necessary to elect his successor and the meeting next proceeded to this business, doing it neatly and unanimously in favor of Mr. Ralph Scott. Mr. Fleming the secretary, presided.

Business over, the rest of the evening was devoted to the reading of Zangwell's play "The Melting Pot" by Mr. Collins and this as a starter for the club's new dramatic career was thoroughly enjoyed. After the announcement of the program for the next meeting, the members adjourned to their several homes to gesticulate before mirrors and to search for an extra dollar wherewith to pay their dues.

PELLITE DESIDERIUM.

September fourteenth was the date of the annual Fall Frolic of the Out of Town Girls' Club. The girls of last year entertained those entering for the first time with the customary lantern parade through the campus.

A visit was made to "Faculty Row" and the members serenaded, after which the procession marched to the chapel, where several Senior girls presented a comedy.

Ella Finnegan, Geneva Taylor, Grace Ainslie, Helen Ormsby and Hazel Barrows took the part of college girls in the farce; Esther Thompson assuming the role of school ma'am, the head of a seminary and Dorothy Bonsteel, an Irish maid of all work.

From the sounds emitted by the audience there was reason to believe that they were well pleased with the production.

Refreshments were served at the Dormitory, after which the girls sang several P. D. songs and said good night.

MORE DOINGS OF THE P. D.'S.

In place of the usual Dormitory Reception this year, a picnic was held on the Athletic field on Saturday evening, September twenty-second.

Miss Kersey had planned games, among which was a race of faculty vs. students. Miss Taylor and Mr. Miller were winners of the honeymoon trip race. Fires were lighted and the guests lined up for refreshments. Potato salad, wieners, coffee, buns, and corn were served, and tickets for ice cream cones were pinned to each guest. Nick served the cones in a variety of flavors. When everyone had eaten superabundantly they gathered about the fires to sing and then as a fitting close to such a picnic, each one was made happy with an all-day sucker. This broke up the meeting.

MISS COMFORT RESIGNS.

It is with deepest regret that the Y. W. C. A. accepts the resignation of Miss Comfort as faculty advisor, for the work which she has done for the Y. W. C. A. during the past six years has been of boundless value. She, being vitally interested has given of her time, her ideals and splendid personality. However, she feels that there are others among the faculty members who are just as interested and whose ideals would be of great value to our Y. W. So, with the help of Miss Comfort, an advisory board in place of a faculty advisor has been chosen.

Those who represent this board are, chairman, Miss Hopper, with Miss Beeman and Miss Luce the other members. The Y. W. takes pleasure in welcoming these advisors.

COLLEGE ELECTION.

After a preliminary caucus of college students for nomination of candidates for the council and athletic board, the election took place on October fourth the result was as follows:

<i>Council</i>		<i>Athletic Board.</i>
Jay Covey	Reginald Packard	Philip Becker.
Lucile Cook	Mabel Kersey	

HISTORY CLUB.

No regular meeting has yet been held but the executive committee has decided upon dates in December, January and March, 1918 for this purpose. The committee also considered the names of several possible club members but no definite action has been taken. The club expects to spend the year in a study of Illinois history.



Domestic Science Notes

Edited by Emily Bennett and Grace Ainslie.

A new "Practice House?" Where? I haven't heard about it. These are the sort of surprised questions and comments hurled at one whenever one happens to speak of it, even after three weeks of school. The new "Practice House" is the gray and white house on the corner of Institute Place and Bradley Avenue. This corner, about half way between Bradley Hall and the Manual Arts Buildings, is very convenient. It is on the street car track, which will be most appreciated by the town girls who will come up to prepare breakfast at an early hour in the morning. The house is somewhat larger than the old "Practice House," having full-sized up-stairs rooms and an attic. The down stairs is finished in white woodwork. The living room cheerily boasts of a fireplace. A number of improvements are not yet complete. A new laundry is to be installed in the basement and the kitchen shelves and cabinets are being made at the Manual Arts building.

There are a number of other changes in the department this year. We have two new teachers, Miss Cornelia Luce, who teaches some of the courses in the cooking and dietetics work, and Miss Elizabeth Campbell, who teaches at the other end of the hall, the sewing and textiles. The junior girls have drawing and design this year instead of in their senior year.

Two of last year's graduates are back in Peoria this year. Miss Jennie Clark fills the position of Dietitian at the Methodist Hospital. Miss Nelle Mealiff is teaching the Domestic Science work at the Neighborhood House, the settlement on South Washington street, in the afternoon and evening. In the morning she is taking class work at Bradley.

During the first weeks of the fall quarter much of the interest of the senior girls is centered in thoughts of the practice teaching which they are soon to undertake. Last year they had heard of the successes and trials of the Senior girls and all were looking forward to it with more or less dread. This fall the girls have listened to lectures on methods and carefully taken notes in preparation for the great event. As the day for the first real teaching drew near, lesson plans were made out, and the girls planned what they would say to these small folks who were to come from the parochial school to Bradley, to learn to cook and sew. But when the time came and the teaching really began, lesson plans were forgotten and each girl went ahead and conducted the lesson in a very capable manner. They all decided that practice teaching was not so hard after all.

Miss Martha Shopbell is in Peoria this year acting as the Home Economics Agent for the City of Peoria. Miss Shopbell was formerly a teacher in this department and manager of the Lunch Room. It was she who planned the furnishings for Laura Cottage and she was in charge of it for the first year. During the past year she has been studying at Teachers' College.

Her position here is a part of the federal work in conservation now being carried on all over the United States. Mr. Hoover, as head, has appointed women from each state to organize state work, under the federal work. Miss Wheeler of Chicago is the state food administrator and Miss Bevier of the University of Illinois is Home Economics advisor for the state. Then each city of over 40,000 inhabitant is to have a war emergency agent. This is the position Miss Shopbell fills here.

The chief aim of the department of Conservation is to bring the situation before the people and teach them to conserve our food supply. Just now we have a special lack of wheat, meat, sugar, and fat and it is our patriotic duty to use them more sparingly and find substitutes for them. A pamphlet sent out by the executive office in Chicago, states as the aim "To conserve food, health, clothing, beauty, and higher life." These last items are interesting to note. They are recommended to keep us sane and steady in this crisis.

The state work is carried on through the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense and through the Extension Department of the University of Illinois. The University is now placing permanent agents in every county to assist the women in the small towns. Miss Shopbell is at present making arrangements to have a series of ten lessons on conservation, compiled by Mr. Hoover, taught in a number of different places in the city. The first class is to be made up of the Domestic Economy teachers and a number of the Cafeteria directors of the city and is to be conducted in our own laboratory.

CLEAN YOUR PLATE.

Have you heard what Hoover says?

"Clean Your Plate!"

The Hun is at the gate—

"Clean Your Plate!"

Don't you waste a drop of gravy—

That's the way to back the navy.

Eat your beans, your tates and samp—

Don't forget the boys in camp—

"Clean Your Plate!"

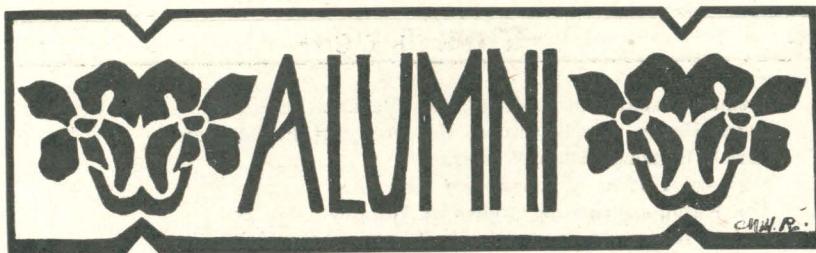
Waste not, want not, Hoover says

In this war to beat down hate

Take his tip and

"CLEAN YOUR PLATE!"

(E. B. L. in Brooklyn Eagle)



Edited by Mary Beeman.

Miss Vera Thomas was a student at Bradley about five years ago and later completed her college course at Smith. She was married recently to A. T. Griffith who has been for a number of years connected with the Peoria newspapers, the Transcript, and later the Journal.

Mr. James Randall, who was the main stay of the Bradley baseball team about 1900 and an academy student here for three or four years, recently called at the Institute. After leaving Bradley he graduated at the University of Illinois in Engineering and now has a fine position with the Baker Iron Works at Los Angeles, California.

Miss Mary Burgess, 1915, has entered Chicago University to complete the work necessary for a degree in Domestic Economy.

Miss Sarah Potter, 1912, is teaching cooking in the University of Vermont.

Miss Leona Winn, 1915, and Robert Wallace, 1916, were married last July and are living in Cleveland, Ohio where Mr. Wallace is teaching Manual Training in one of the high schools.

Miss Hazel Carter, 1915, is employed as County Agent in Florida in the county in which she has taught the past two years.

Mr. Harry Jones, 1916, is Assistant Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Peoria. He began work in September.

**PRESENT LOCATION OF MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING
CLASS OF 1917.**

Berneice Boblett, continuing work at Bradley.
Lillian Cohen, University of Chicago
Dorothy Crowder, University of Chicago.
John Daily, Insurance Business
Henry Doubet, University of Illinois.
Marshall Field, Rush Medical.
Oliver Fischer, teaching in Georgia.
Ralph Fritze, University of Illinois.
Harry Gebhardt, Columbia University.
Grace Gordon, teaching near Peoria.

Arthur Graham, in business with Putnam-Page Co.
Bruce Hazen, (Architecture) University of Pennsylvania.
Lowell Hazzard, Ohio Wesleyan.
Brainard Hatch, University of Illinois.
Abe Kahn, continuing studies at Bradley.
Arthur Keyes, Medical School, Northwestern University.
Harold Klepinger, University of Illinois.
Gertrude King, University of Wisconsin.
Eliot Lovett, George Washington University.
Josephine Miles, University of Wisconsin.
Gladys Pratt, Randolph-Macon College.
Clara Reeverts, Hope College.
Frances Reinmann, University of Chicago.
Marjorie Rhoades, continuing studies at Bradley.
John Roberts, University of Chicago.
Kathrina Roberts, Rush Medical.
Bernadette Ryan, Randolph-Macon College.
Elizabeth Siegel, teaching near Peoria.
Edgar Strause, business in Wyoming.
Bena Speck, University of Illinois.
Lydia Speck, University of Chicago.
Clara Tibbs, teaching at Glasford.
Dorothy Wheeler, teaching.

Manual Training Graduates are teaching in the following places:
Herman Brekke, Mediapolis, Iowa.
Franklin Butler, in business.
Archie Chadwick, North Dixon, Illinois.
James B. Dennis, Detroit, Michigan.
Grover Flannigam, Danville, Illinois.
Earl Flick, Barberton, Ohio.
Marimon Hansbery, joined the army.
Alonzo W. Herdrich, Oxford, Indiana, now in the army.
Glen Hershberger, Aitkin, Minnesota.
Ormal L. Higgins, Watseka, Illinois.
Harold Huntington, Dickinson, North Dakota.
Roy Kern, Columbus, Kansas.
Horace Merrell, Onarga, Illinois.
Griffith E. Owen, Grand Rapids, Michigan.
Harry Rothwell, Wilton Junction, Iowa.
Richard Royster, Davenport, Iowa, has since joined the army.
Lloyd Smith, Washington, Iowa.
Remda Westerman, Trivoli, Illinois.
Kenneth White, Angola, Indiana.
Albert Wiegmann, Decatur, Illinois.
Charles Zaeglein, Circleville, Ohio.

Domestic Economy Graduates are teaching in the following places:
Margaret Anderson, Moline, Illinois.
Mary Beeman, Bradley Institute.
Katherine Brady, Dietitian.
Edna Browne, Harris, Iowa.
Jennie Clarke, Dietitian, Methodist Hospital, Peoria.
Josephine Davis, in business.
Loretto Donohue, Logansport, Indiana.
Teresa Finch, Chappell, Nebraska.
Marguerite Galbraith, Bradley Institute and Y. W. C. A.
Catherine I. Harrison, Provo, Utah.
Cora Hepworth, Topeka, Kansas.
Marion Hepworth, University of West Virginia.
Mabel Hoshaw, Onarga, Illinois.
Edna Ireton, Mediapolis, Iowa.
Anita Ladd, Louisvile, Ky.
Elvine Lauve, Forest Park University, St. Louis, Mo.
Ila Lee, Duquoin, Illinois.
Della Littell, University of Illinois (student).
Marietta Long, Williamsberg, Iowa.
Ruth McClurg, Lima, Ohio.
Nelle Mealiff, Neighborhood House, Peoria.
Fanny Miller, Miller, South Dakota.
Gladys Minch, Monticello, Indiana.
Clara L. Nora Smith (Mrs. Ellis Sharp) Eureka, Illinois.
Hazel Stewart, Colfax, Washington.
Irene Wilson, Dunlap, Illinois.
Margaret Wylie, Nogales, Arizona.
Some of the others are teaching but have not reported the location.

Walk-Over Shoes

FOR MEN AND WOMEN



ALBERS WALK-OVER SHOE SHOP
107 SOUTH ADAMS STREET



Edited by John Henry Berning and Robert C. Rutledge.

FIRST PLACE

"The Faculty is very proud of the large number of students who have enlisted. An unusually large per cent of the Horological students have left school for the service."—*Dr. T. C. Burgess*, in Annual Report Convocation Day, June 15, 1917.

"I want to thank the Horologs for the support and spirit they have shown at the games throughout the season."—*Coach Martin*.

Every Horolog should be proud to know of these statements coming from two of the most prominent men of the Bradley Faculty.

Recognized as leaders in patriotism and enthusiasm, we have won for ourselves first place among the various departments.

HOROLOG ROLL OF HONOR.

In Mr. Westlake's office is a pigeon-hole for the records of students who are enlisted in the army and navy or otherwise serving their country. The list is open to the public, and we invite you to look over this Honor Roll of which we are very proud. Up to date fifty-six Horologs have entered the service.

The following list of a few of these men will interest many:

Bob O'Brien, Co. G., 168th Infantry, Rainbow Division; Frank Gibbons, Co. A., 5th Illinois Infantry; Lee Kidder, U. S. N.; Tom Newberry, Co. H., 5th Illinois Infantry; L. L. Kelly, Hospital Corps, U. S. N.; C. E. Brown, Hospital Corps, U. S. A.; F. F. Stahl, Signal Corps, U. S. A.; John Berning, Signal Corps, U. S. R.; Frank Peterson, Co. C., Iowa Engineers; Lewis Lawrence, Hospital Corps, U. S. A.; Ed McLeer, Aviation Corps, U. S. N.; B. C. Carter, Aviation Corps U. S. A.; John Isman, Aviation Corps, U. S. A.; W. E. Chernsky, Aviation Corps, U. S. A.; L. P. Lingo, Second Lieutenant, Aviation Section; Geo. Emerson, Serg., U. S. Marines; Fred Deputy, U. S. Marines; W. A. Baker, U. S. Marines; Kenneth Guy, Kansas Field Artillery; Tom Schwinn, Kansas National Guard; H. Dickens, Second Idaho Infantry; H. B. Murphy, Co. C., Iowa Engineers; Roy Anderson, Indiana Infantry.

We are exceedingly proud of Lieutenant Lingo, and the other four Horologs in the Aviation Section. We are confident that they will make an enviable record in this most difficult and important branch of the service.

DRAFTED.

M. A. Goven, Turtle Lake, S. D.; D. W. Drake, Camden, S. C.; Harold Reid, Ashton, S. D.; W. E. Signall, Sioux City, Iowa; Bob King, Coleman, Texas; Byron Turney, Fort Wayne, Indiana; C. V. Myers, Pensacola, Florida; J. L. Caldwell, Texas; John Whitnal, Kentucky, Ray Armstrong, Bliss, Oklahoma.

Several of these men were at school at the time of the drawing of the numbers and left immediately for their homes. There was not a sign of regret among any of the fellows and they left with a strong determination to serve their country as best they can.

AT THE ROCK ISLAND ARSENAL.

Several students are serving their country in the Rock Island Arsenal, making equipment. They are: R. Minor, L. Hilyer, LeRoy Williams, Leon C. Hasek, and Earl Doyle.

AMONG THE STUDENTS.

Many Horologs will be pleased to learn that William (Bill) Cundiff of the Normal Department is at the Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana.

Bob O'Brien, known as the "Fighting Irishman" will keep up his reputation by soon giving Germany a taste of his nature. He has been transferred to the 168th Regiment Rainbow Division which will soon see foreign service.

Ralph Hubschman is the winner of the Herpers Prize for excellence in workmanship in jewelry.

Mrs. Mundhank is the most industrious lady in engraving—the only one there.

Our friend, Mary Thompson, is taking a course in jewelry and is learning how to "file 'em flat" and "fix 'em up, see!"

Don Santiago de la Ukelele Flop-jaw Bader of Clarksdale, Miss., is fast gathering a host of fair admirers by his skill on the 'uke.' He says he likes "Peoria Style" of kissing the girls good-night.

Miss Vivien Miller has returned to school after a three months' visit at her home in Algona, Iowa.

R. B. Maxwell has returned to school after a pleasant vacation spent at his home in Mr. Vernon, Illinois.

George Zuckweiler (Zuke) has returned to school to finish his course in watchmaking and foot-ball.

George Wild has completed his course in Finishing and has accepted a position in Iowa. George was very popular among both faculty and students and we regret to lose him.

The following new students have arrived recently: E. M. Imassen, Hart, Mich.; Charles Hartman, Vinita, Okla.; George Moss, St. Peters, Minn.; Ralph Nelson, Forest Lake, Iowa; James Bader, Clarksdale, Miss.; F. J. Lebein, Walnut, Iowa; Carl Marbury, Lines, Texas, and Alfred Rush, Macomb, Illinois.

WEDDINGS.

During the summer months three Horologs and one ex-Horolog have fallen victims to Cupid's relentless shafts.

Ray Armstrong was married to Miss Eva Wallace, of Peoria on May 27, 1917. Mr. Armstrong who has been drafted is now at his home in Oklahoma.

Warren Devers was married to Miss Goldie Whaylan and is now living in Ohio.

U. B. Shaeffer and wife, who was Miss Emma Wade, is working in St. Louis.

R. W. Turney (1914) who is employed by the Weisser Jewelry Co. of this city and Miss Lucie Ford were married in June and are now living at the home of the bride's mother on Fredonia Avenue. This marriage is the culmination of a romance which started several years ago while Mr. Turney was attending school here. Miss Ford is well known by the students and Faculty.

TEED.

A. T. Westlake, Jr., the popular young "C Room" assistant has accepted a position in Pensacola, Florida and is now "on the job." While we hate to see you leave, Teed, we wish you the best of success and we are confident that you will make a mark for yourself "out in trade."

CERTIFICATE FOR WATCH WORK STUDENTS FINISHING THE TRADE LIST.

Many of the alumni as well as the present students will be glad to know that the faculty has decided to give all students completing the trade list a certificate, certifying the work done and class of work.

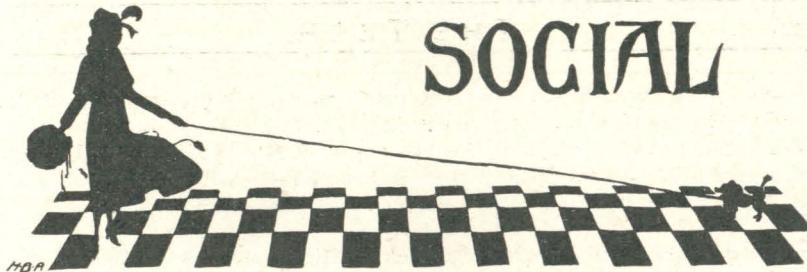
We have often felt a need of a certificate of this kind. It will prove especially helpful in securing a good position. It will be an advertisement for Bradley as well as the watchmaker in whose store it is hung. It should also prove to be an incentive for taking trade and finishing the list.

None of these certificates have been seen yet, but it is hoped that the Dean or Director will have them out soon.

We are very grateful to Mr. Hart for his efforts in securing this for us; he has been advocating it for many years.

To my friends at Bradley I wish to say that I have greatly enjoyed my stay here; I appreciate the many courtesies shown me and it is with many regrets that I now say goodbye. I ask that you give Bob Rutledge, my successor as editor of the "Tech" any assistance possible. I wish all of you success and honor during the coming years.

—JOHN H. BERNING, JR.



Edited by Gertrude Hoagland.

LIVELY SOCIAL AFFAIRS BEGIN SCHOOL YEAR.

On Friday, September 14th, the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. had their annual mixer. At four o'clock all the students and faculty gathered in the gym. There was a general hand-shaking and getting acquainted. Afterward dancing and light refreshments in the Social Hall concluded this successful affair.

On Tuesday, September 4th, the monthly meeting of the active chapter of the Omicron Tri Kappa sorority was held at the home of Winifred Luthey.

The Delta Kappa's entertained informally with a college shower, at the home of Miss Mary Jo Vandenburg, on September 7th, in honor of the four girls who are leaving for college. These girls are Miss Gladys Pratt who will attend Randolph-Macon College at Lynchburg, Va.; Miss Josephine Miles, who goes to the University of Wisconsin; Miss Dorothy Crowder, who is entering the University of Chicago and Miss Mary Jo Vandenburg, who will resume her studies for the second year at Oxford College, Oxford, Ohio.

On Friday, September 7th, occurred the annual picnic of the Omicron Tri Kappa sorority, at the Ivy Club.

The grand chapter meeting of the Lambda Phi sorority was held at the home of Marian Hadfield, September 10th.

Tuesday, September 11th, the active chapter of the Delta Kappa sorority held a business meeting at the home of June Kellar.

For the pledges and actives leaving for the various colleges, the Alpha Pi's entertained, Wednesday afternoon, September 12th with a theatre party followed by refreshments at the Sugar Bowl. Those present were: Dr. Packard, Merritt Giles, who will attend the University of Wisconsin, Frederick Tichnor, Illinois; Robert Strehlow, Illinois; Howard Harmon, Illinois; Hawley Wilson, Wisconsin; Milton Colburn, Annapolis Naval Academy; Dana Clarke and Charles Goss, Yale; Clifton Turner, Chicago; Morris Hayward, Illinois. From Bradley, Carl Griesser, David Dunlop, Reginald Packard, Jay Covey, Carl Buchele, Albert Zimmermann, Dean Battles, Graham Battles, and Harry Brady.

On Thursday, September 13th, the Sigma Phi's entertained their guests and pledges at an Orpheum party. Those present were Orwood Campbell, C. A. Stewart, F. N. Moore, R. E. Lackland, John Weston, Carl Buchele, Walter Brunswick, Ed Jacquin, Donald Murphy, Castle Zartman, Dick Shamel, C. A. Shamel, and Gus Kupper.

Carl Buchele, a graduate of Spaulding Institute, was pledged Sigma Phi, September 14th.

September 14th the Sigma Phi's enjoyed a smoker at the fraternity rooms.

Miss Grace Hoagland entertained, Friday, September 14th, a few of her friends who are leaving for college. The evening was spent by dancing in the entertainment room. The guests were: Misses Lena Leisy, Frances Beecher, Miriam Mitchell, Lucille Cook, Suzanne Woodward, Evangeline Lovett and Esther Stowell. Messrs. Howard Harmon, Robert Lovett, Albert Zimmermann, Dean Battles, Bob Strehlow, Donald Murphy, and Graham Battles.

On Saturday afternoon, September 15th the Delta Kappa's entertained several of the new girls, with a theatre party at the Orpheum, followed by a spread at the home of Mary Misner. The guests included the Misses Mildred McCoy, Marjorie Fell, Elizabeth Bowins, Helen Kraft, and Janice Gillen.

September 17th, the Lambda Phi's gave an informal stunt at the Kickapoo Club. An informal spread, college style, and dancing formed the diversions of the affair. The guests were: Misses Izetta Bolby, Janice Gillen, Gladys Bolby, Marjorie Fell, Violet Holly and Louva Bocock. Pledges: Doris Peterson, Ahna Weiting, and Gladys Brown. Members: Marjorie Rhoades, Gladys Hanna, Gertrude Hoagland, Marian Covey, Ruth Stoneburner, Marian Hadfield, Mae Faulstick, Ruth Hayward, Marguerite Galbraith, and Addie Dorsey.

Howard Harmon gave a theatre party at the Orpheum, Thursday evening, September 13th. After the performance refreshments were served at the home. Those present were: Robert Strehlow, Foss Ticknor, Milton Colburn, Howard Harmon, Dana Clarke, Charles Goss, Harry Brady, Jay Covey, Dean Battles, Graham Battles, Al Zimmermann, Reginald Packard, Dave Dunlop, and Carl Griesser.

On Tuesday, September 18th the Omicron Tri Kappa's enjoyed a spread at the home of Florence Zimmermann. Those present were: Frances Beecher, Grace Hoagland, Lucille Cook, Esther Stowell, Gertrude Sehm, Louise Mulford, Emily Benton, Margaret Nash, Katherine Feltman, Winifred Luthey, Loretta Ebaugh, Clara Zimmermann, Marie Strehlow, Emma Fey, Lucille Leisy, Marjorie Keith, Florence Zimmermann and Louise Bacon.

Miss Bernadette Ryan entertained the Delta Kappa's on Tuesday afternoon, September 18th.

A meeting of the Lambda Phi sorority was held at the home of Marian Covey, September 18th.

Thursday afternoon, September 20th, the Alpha Pi fraternity entertained at the Orpheum and Sugar Bowl afterwards. The guest of honor was Fritz Switzer. Others present were: Harry Brady, Dean Battles, Graham Battles, Al Zimmermann, Jay Covey, Dave Dunlop, Reginald Packard, and John Snyder.

Many Bradley students attended the subscription dance given by Donald Murphy, September 21st.

Saturday evening, September 22nd the pledges of the Sigma Phi fraternity entertained the active and alumni members with a marshmallow toast out beyond Bradley Park. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Homer Jacquin, Misses Doris Peterson, Geraldine Meyers, Ida Iben, Gertrude Hoagland, Marguerite Galbraith, Inez McClure, Ahna Weiting, Ruth Stoneburner, Mae Faulstick, Esther Stowell, and Marian Hadfield. Messrs. Carl Buchele, Orwood Campbell, John Weston, Bob Lackland, Clifford Strause, Walter Brunswick, Howard Neumiller, C. A. Stewart, Ed Jacquin, Donald Murphey and Castle Zartman.

The Lambda Phi sorority had an informal tea at the home of Ruth Shockley, September 25th. Those present were: Guests, Misses Marjorie Fell, Louva Bocock, Sarah Chase, Elsie Hawk, Loretta Trowbridge and Janice Gillen. Pledges; Misses Ahna Weiting, Gladys Brown, and Doris Peterson. Actives: Misses Marian Hadfield, Mae Faulstick, Ruth Hayward, Marjorie Rhoades, Marian Covey, Gladys Hanna, Marguerite Galbraith, and Gertrude Hoagland. Alumnae: Mesdames W. B. Martin, H. R. Shofe, Harold Lynch, Howard Adams, Edwin Lidle, John Franke, Misses Ruth Hoagland, Helen Hadfield, Marian Threshie, Helen Oates, Helen Paul, Martha Kasjens, Martha Grant, Bertha Sucher, Louise Hoagland, Moselle Kinch, Olga Dauber, and Fern Karr.

Thursday, the 27th, the Alpha Pi fraternity held formal initiation at the home of Leonard Putnam. A midnight feast was served. The pledges initiated were: Graham Battles, Jay Covey, Al Zimmermann, Harry Brady, Dean Battles. Active chapter present: Dave Dunlop, Carl Grieser, Reginald Packard, and Leonard Putnam.

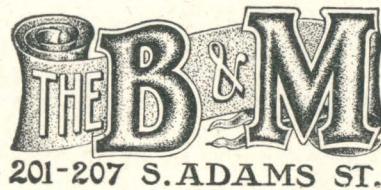
The subscription dance sponsored by Edwin Jacquin and Carl Grieser, Friday, September 28th was a huge success. The affair was held at the Bradley Park Pavilion.

The Senior Academy and guests enjoyed a weiner roast on the afternoon and evening of September 29th. The party motored to Sturm's farm in the afternoon, returning for the last show at the Apollo. Those in the party were: Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Martin, Misses Lennarie Norton, Margaret Wallace, Maude Berger, Muriel Morgan, Maria Daly, Chicago; Helen Wilson, Helen Tinan, Lucille Johnston, and Eunice Daly. Messrs. Dean Battles, Don Hayward, Herbert White, Al Zimmermann, Edwin Jacquin, Harry Brady, Graham Battles, Jay Covey and John Lee.

The Delta Kappa's entertained at a "weenie" roast Saturday evening, September 29th. Their honor guests being the Misses Anna Sutton, Janice Gillen and Mildred McCoy. Those present were: Chaperons, Mr. and Mrs. Schuller; Misses Evelyn Wendall, Ida Iben, Mary Misner, Louise Chandler, Geraldine Mars, Nina Keith, Miriam Horwitz, Inez McClure, Lois Wysong, Ruth Drysdale, Telma Pöppen, Vernice Goodrich, Bernadette Ryan, and Berneice Boblett. Messrs. Dick Shamel, John Weston, Duane Fuller, Louis Meek, Walter Brunswick, C. A. Shamel, Harold Gordon, Carl Buchele, Donald Murphey, Robert Lackland, Fred Damman, Edward Pratt, Robert Haney, Leonard Putnam, Donald Witherstine, Walter Ryan, and Orwood Campbell.

October 2nd the Lambda Phi sorority held a meeting at the home of Miss Marian Hadfield.

Bradley girls will find the
Right styles in coats, suits, dresses and
Accessories in this store
Dress is our chief business
Lively selling is noted in
Every department now, many
Young ladies from Bradley being purchasers



ATHLETICS



Editor Kenneth M. Jones.

Assistants Dean Battles and Frances Beecher.

ATHLETIC DIRECTORY.

<i>Captain</i>	<i>Sport</i>	<i>Manager</i>
C. A. Stewart.....	Football.....	Harry Brady
G. Kupper.....	Basketball.....	Philip Becker
E. Doubet.....	Baseball.....	Not chosen
Not chosen.....	Track.....	Not chosen
None.....	Inter-Mural.....	Herbert White
None.....	Tennis.....	Donald Murphy

ATHLETIC BOARD OF CONTROL.

Faculty.

Theodore C. Burgess
Jos. S. Bickle
Fred C. Brown
Verne F. Swain
A. Teed Westlake

Student Body.

Lower Academy, Robt. McCormick
Higher Academy, Vacant
College, F. Becker
Girls A. A., R. Hayward
Horological, Vacant

Alumni

Edward F. Stock

A NEW ERA IN B. P. I. ATHLETICS.

Beginning this year Bradley students must get used to a system of physical training never heretofore used. By this plan, all young men of the academy and college will receive two full hours of physical work during the week. Whether this be in the form of class work or an active participation in athletic games is left to the choice of the student.

Since the United States' entry into the world war last spring and more especially since the drafting of our civilian army there has arisen in the minds of many, a questioning as to the physical welfare of the young men of the nation. The Bradley faculty, at their first meeting of the year on September 17, 1917, unanimously endorsed the compulsory system of physical training as the one best means to remedy the deplorable state of affairs as disclosed by the large number of physically unfit men found by examination boards. The military plan of training was discarded and preference given to the more competitive forms of body-building work. It was considered that the keener rivalry it would necessarily encourage would tend to develop the initiative of the young men more than the monotonous drills.

The results of this plan are already manifesting themselves. Coach Martin's call for football recruits brought 38 men as candidates, a record never before equaled at B. P. I. Tennis and Golf Tournaments aroused an almost increditable amount of enthusiasm for this time of the year. Soccer, the old English game introduced at the Bluff school four years ago, promises to outdo all former seasons of play. Over sixty men have reported to Coach Brown already and others are still lining up. A Soccer league will be formed, comprising four or more teams with games every Tuesday and Thursday. From this league a varsity team will be picked to meet Normal, November 3rd.

In addition to the above named sports, regular gym classes have been formed for those who do not care to go out for the teams.

OUR TWO BEST REASONS FOR BRADLEY'S FAME ON FIELD AND FLOOR.

When we say "coach" we mention a word foremost in the minds of every red blooded student. Moreover, when that word is spoken at Bradley there are associated with it the names of two of the finest coaches in the middle west.

Frederick C. Brown is Director of Athletics and coach of soccer, baseball and basketball. Coach Brown is one of the most respected men in our athletic world and has done more in the development of true, clean spirit than any other man at Bradley.

Himself, ranking high in athletic prowess during his college career, Mr. Brown is especially well fitted for his work. He was the star forward on the world's champion Hiram College basketball quintet at the World's Fair at St. Louis. Three years of special training after graduating from Hiram and a varied experience in athletic direction completed his work before his entry into B. P. I. circles in 1910. The admirable reputation his energies have attained for the Red and White in the athletic world during his seven years here speaks for itself so well that further comment is unnecessary.

Working hand in hand with Director Brown is Walter B. Martin, football and track coach. Mr. Martin began his athletic career at Wentworth Military Academy, Missouri, where his name has gone down in the annals of history as one of the greatest all-around athletes ever to enter that institution. From Wentworth Martin entered Kansas where he extended his reputation by being named all-conference half-back and a record holder in the low hurdles. Throughout his four years at Bradley Coach Martin has established a record that may well be the envy of others of his profession. It is up to us all to help these two men in their endeavors to uphold the Bradley reputation.

"Our country's best resources are in its women," says an eastern orator.

The resources should be husbanded.

**CAPTAIN C. A. STEWART.**

Probably no man in any school is more popular than the football captain.

"C. A." not only has every qualification for a good captain, but also bears his popularity with becoming modesty.

This is Captain Stewart's second year at Bradley, coming previously from P. H. S. Through his hard work and consistent playing at fullback last year he not only won for himself a high place in the esteem of his fellow students, but also became the logical selection for captain. His playing is always at best whether in practice or in games. As long as we have two such leaders as Stewart and Martin, Bradley will always be well represented on the field.

THE 1917 FOOTBALL OUTLOOK.**Schedule.**

- Oct. 6—Blackburn at Peoria.
- Oct. 13—Lincoln (cancelled).
- Oct. 20—Millikin at Peoria.
- Oct. 27—Hedding at Abingdon.
- Nov. 3—State Normal at Peoria.
- Nov. 10—Wesleyan at Bloomington.
- Nov. 17—Lombard at Galesburg.
- Nov. 23—Eureka at Eureka.

Prospects for Bradley's 1917 football team at the beginning of the season are perhaps the most gloomy that have prevailed in many years. With but four letter men back and with a surprisingly large amount of raw material to develope, most of which is exceptionally light, Coach Walter Martin faces one of the most puzzling problems of his football experience at Bradley.

The hilltop school's program has been one of continual work, grinding, and hard labor since the call for candidates issued September 17th. If long hours of practice, Sunday hikes, Saturday afternoon drills, and unbounded energy of the coach can bring forth a winning team, then Red and White followers need have no fear. Coach Martin and his warriors are out to do their best.

The first game will be played at home with Blackburn as our opponent. Blackburn is a comparatively new member of the "Little Nineteen" conference and little is known of what this school may be capable. Certain it is, though, that the team from Southern Illinois cannot be much better off than the Poly crew and a lively battle is probable.

As a result of the failure of Lincoln college to place an eleven in the field this fall, the Bradley date with them on October 13th has been cancelled. As yet Coach Martin has announced no other game for this day.

Bradley's line will be the weak spot in this year's eleven unless all signs fail. Practically the only experienced man here will be Truesdale at center, a man who gives every promise of going on record as one of B. P. I.'s most celebrated grid heroes. A man with Truesdale's ability can most effectively brace up an otherwise unproductive line. On the ends Coach Martin will have two reliable performers in C. A. Martin and Keuhl, Martin having held down a regular wing berth last year while Keuhl, a former Rock Island high school star, has shown up strong in daily practice. O. J. Williams, brother of the renowned John Williams, Bradley's greatest all-around athlete, is another promising competitor for the end position. For the guard posts the most aggressive candidates appear to be A. Sommers, Comp, and R. Sommers. Ernest has made a creditable showing at tackle along with Wynd, Taylor, and Shehan. Much shifting will undoubtedly be done on the line before permanent posts are allotted.

In the backfield, the Red and White quintet will make its greatest stand with such veterans as Capt. Stewart, Fuller, Zuckweiler and Minton as performers. "Zuck" at quarter, "C. A." at full and Minton and Fuller at the two halves have the edge on the rest of the field. Jacquin, because of his experience, may land a job at one of the half-back stations. Other prospects that are working faithfully with their teammates and that may at any time spring a surprise are Burner, R. A. Sommers, Lilly, Doubet, Percival, Hayward, Landis Hayward, Shehan, Damann, Avery, E. J. Sommers, Battles, Clarke, Scott, Sandstrom and Hoffman.

Coach Martin is pleased at the large number of candidates that were on the field during the early training season and is most desirous that a proportionately good number will remain throughout the grid season. If this should prove to be the case, the hilltop mentor will be a long ways on the road to a championship eleven for 1918. The "stickers" are the ones that count most. If you are a member of the B. P. I. football squad, show your school and coach that you are a member of

Le Page's famous family. How many names will we be able to classify as such when the season closes?

BOOST THE WESLEYAN-BRADLEY FOOTBALL GAME— ACCOMPANY THE TEAM TO BLOOMINGTON.

It is a part of the yearly program of the student body to accompany our football team to Bloomington where we play in alternate years with Wesleyan and Normal. Arrangements are made for special cars over the Traction System and in these, two or three hundred enthusiastic young men and women pack themselves, prepared to show Bloomington some real "pep." It has been a cause of much amazement among our rivals how such a wonderful showing of school spirit is possible. Bradley has earned a reputation and it must not be lost.

Wesleyan is the foe this year, at Bloomington on November 10th. Begin now to save your \$1.50 (yes, that's plenty) and on November 10th let us see your face where it properly belongs.

BRADLEY USHERS IN 1917 SEASON WITH TRIUMPH OVER BLACKBURN.

Bradley football warriors began their 1917 grid season Saturday, October 6th, with a victory over Blackburn, 12 - 0. Captain Stewart was the lone point getter for the Red and White, slipping over the goal twice during the last half.

The game was bitterly contested by both sides with the bluff warriors maintaining the edge. At no time was the bluff school's goal in much danger. Playing an open field game and frequently resorting to passes, the down state team failed to keep the pigskin in their possession long enough to advance far. On the defense, however, the Carlinsville eleven showed up well. Time after time the Tech lads were stopped within a few yards of their goal and held, unable to make further progress. It was not until the second half that Stewart plowed through the opposition for the first touchdown.

From all appearances the line is the weak member of the Bradley fighting machine. Had it not been for the veteran Truesdale at center, and Kuehl and Martin at ends, the backfield would have been under a far more serious handicap. As it was, the old timers in the backfield brought most joy to the Bradley rooters. When the line was working with them they made good gains. Captain Stewart was used to the greatest advantage in line plunging and proved to be the only one capable of driving through the opposition for a touchdown. Minton and Fuller bore the brunt of the end work and made several long gains which greatly contributed toward the Bradley victory.

Coach Martin was not overly pleased with the showing his squad made against the inferior Blackburn eleven but since the difficulty is chiefly in the line and since four of the linemen are playing their first real football, it is likely that the next game will show a great improvement.

The big event received a fitting sendoff by a victory of the Bradley academy eleven over the Manual crew, 13 - 7. Neither coach Martin

of Bradley, or Berg of M. T. H. S. sent their best performers into the fray, however, and there is likely to be considerable rivalry between the two teams in the future. Burner and Percival for the Academy and Stein for the south siders, starred for their respective elevens. The two Haywards each secured a touchdown for the B. P. I.

Summary of the Bradley-Blackburn game:

Blackburn	Bradley
De Shane.....	L. T.....Kuehl
C. Simpson.....	L. E.....Shehan
Sweitzer.....	L. G.....A. Sommers
Schaeffer.....	C.....Truesdale
Secor.....	R. G.....Comp
Bonham.....	R. E.....Martin
Lindley.....	R. T.....Ernest
Denby.....	Q. B.....Zuckweiler
Allison, Capt.....	R. H. B.....Fuller
Foldy.....	L. H. B.....Minton
Neorigain.....	F. B.....Stewart, Capt.

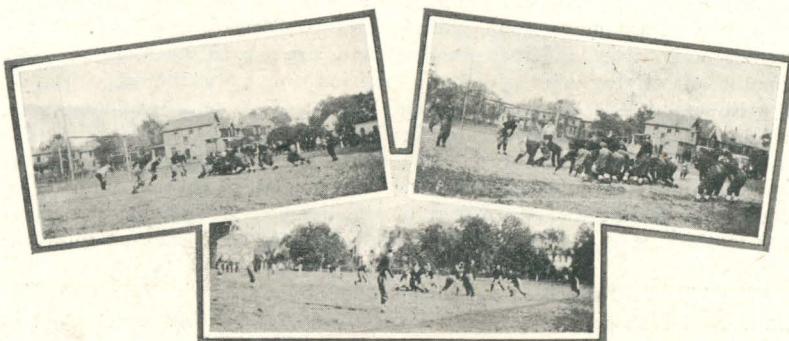
Time of periods, 15 minutes; Head linesman, Dailey; Umpire, Olson; Referee, Young; Touchdowns, Stewart (Bradley) 2. Substitutes: Blackburn—Neal, E. Simpson. Bradley—Jacquin, Taylor, Burner, Wynd, Lille.

TENNIS AND GOLF.

A new feature of the athletic life of the school was the fall tennis and golf tournaments which are being held. At the time of this writing it is uncertain just who will capture the honors, the finals having yet to be played. The victory in the tennis tourney lies between Don Murphy and Carl Kamman, in the golf between Bickle and McCormick. It is hard to pick winners from among these four experts, all appearing to be evenly matched.

The interest in these tournaments was something that was entirely unexpected. Twenty-three candidates signed up for the tennis and seventeen for the golf. The Bradley park courts were used by the tennis contestants, while Madison Park was the scene of the golfers.

Donald Murphy, last year's tennis manager was again chosen to see this fall event to a successful conclusion.



ACTIVITIES OF THE GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

In the G. A. A. Bradley has one of her most live organizations and prospects are good for even greater interest being shown this year. While little new work is planned, there will be much development of those sports which have already been organized. Basketball, hiking, and swimming at present hold the center of attraction.

The tennis tournament, completed after school last June, showed fewer forfeits than ever before. Numerals were awarded to Wilhelmina Hoagland, Grace Hoagland, Gertrude Hoagland, Josephine Miles and Marion Robison. Francis Beecher, last year's champion played Josephine Miles for the 1917 title and kept it. Miss Beecher was presented with her third championship tennis pin.

Six girls qualified in June for walking numerals. They were: Edna Strawn, Ruth Whalen, Virginia Merkle, Georganna Tucker, Sara Bloom and Margaret Schwerm.

Two more "B's" were awarded, making a total of three girls who now have won their letters. Georganna Tucker and Sara Bloom were the fortunates and were credited with numerals in basketball, hiking and baseball.

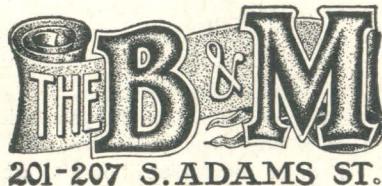
A meeting of the G. A. A. for the purpose of electing officers will take place this month.

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LocALS

Edited by Nina Keith and Herbert B. White.

We editors may dig and think,
Till our finger tips are sore,
But some poor saphead's sure to say,
"Aw, I've heard that joke before."

I sit alone in the twilight;
Forsaken by girls and men.
And murmur over and over
I'll never eat onions again.

NATURAL.

Grace H.: "What is the difference between a man and a worm?"
Normal Girl: "None. A chicken gets them both."

Teacher: "Where is the home of the swallow?"
Student: "In the stomach."

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Peacock is going to tell Mr. Bradley.

Zuckie was sent to college,
And his daddie cried "Alack!"
He spent a thousand dollars
And got a quarter back.

O. K.

Scott: "Gee, where did you get that black eye?"
Sommer: "Oh, that's the way she said good night."

Lee: "Shall we dance or talk?"
E. Daly: "I'm so tired, let's dance."

OR AN ANGEL.

Small Boy: "Say mister, dere's a sign in yose winder readin', 'Boy Wanted'. What kind of a boy does youse want?"

Merchant: "A nice, quiet boy that doesn't use naughty words, smoke cigarettes, whistle around the office, play tricks, or get into mischief—"

Small Boy: "Gwan! Youse don't want no boy; youse wants a girl."

FORE! CAN'T YOU SEE WHO WE HAVE WITH US?

Yes. He was reputed to have been about the kiddiest thing there was at every baby fest, and, though strongly addicted to the milk bottle, was possessed of a non-colic gastric arrangement and never got seasick riding the billows of his rocking cradle.

He was the owner of a low subterranean cry and an anti-leaky nose and was in every other way an abnormally, perfect kiddo.

As days passed to weeks, weeks to months and months to years this idol of the cradle became the antagonizer of many nice bugs and worms which in due time found themselves in one of his famous mud pies. And so since the beginning of his history he has dabbled with such live stock.

Times have changed and so have most people but the play of his childhood became the work of his life and we now recognize him as an expert in zoology. During the summer he spends much time at golf which, by fall, puts him in first class trim for the class room where he uses the arm movements for gesturing and his voice in answering such questions as: "How many legs has a horse?"

Certainly you know him. It would be impossible to go to Bradley and not know him because Dr. Packard is a fellow among fellows. But, now that we all have seen his picture, we hope that he will not mar his reputation by mistreating Reg. who so kindly loaned the above picture to the TECH.

There was a young lady from Blit,
Who thought for a soldier she'd knit.
She started a sweater;
Thought mits would be better,
So she knit him the mits and she quit.

PREPAREDNESS.

Dr. Wycoff: "What was the date of the coronation of Charles the Great?"

Booth Williamson: "Eight Hundred."

Dr. Wycoff: "Right, and why was that date so important for you to remember?"

Booth: "Because, I knew you'd be sure to ask it."



HOW ABOUT IT, FAT?

Ernest: "Say, jeweler, why doesn't my watch keep good time?"
 Jeweler: "The hands won't behave, sir, there's a pretty girl in the case."

JIMMY AND BILL.

As I stood, one day, on the steps of the Bradley Hall waiting for Nick and his cones, I heard voices and turned to see sitting not far from me two little news boys. I listened and this is what I heard:

"Do youse know who dat 'er feller is setting on the tombstone wid all them gals?"

"Sure, he's de new guy out here 'at suddenly become popular wid de gals. He's Howard Neumiller."

"Well, and who's de man wid de big glasses an' looks like he owned de whole school. Is he a professor?"

"Naw, dat's Dave Dunlop and dere along wid him is de little boy wid yellor hair what has de name 'o 'Battles'."

"Gee, ain't dat a funny name?"

"Yes, but it ain't as funny as 'Bass'. Bass is de name o' dat black haired girl wid dem flirty eyes and de green suit."

"Who's dat young girl what's got dem two fellers talken' to 'um?"

"Hee? O hi say, boy, you ought'a know her. Hit's Gertrude Hoagland. You never seen her wid out a man. Here come Jacquin what spends his time kiddin' de gals and flunks in Greek."

"Is dot his bruder wid him?"

"Naw, dat's one o' de twins 'at just come out here. And there is d'other 'un C. A. Dey sure 'am de popular guys dis season. Sh-sh-here comes Doc. Burgess. We'd better beat it."

SUPERLATIVES.

Most dude—Maynard Stureman.

Most popular—(Girls) Janice Gillan; (Boys) C. A. Stewart.

Most childish—Frank Bruniga.

Most slush—Carl and Marian.

Most money—Griesser and Jacquin.

Most old—Marjorie Rhoades.

Most missed—John Daily.

Most mouth—(Tied) Inez McClure *vs.* Eunice Daly.

Most beautiful—Helen Tinan.

Most numerous—Sommers, Griessers, Hoaglands.

(To Be Continued.)

Winters: "Electricity was in use before the flood."

Dr. Swain: "What makes you think so?"

Squirrel: "Why, didn't Noah have ark lights?"

THE HOLY CITY (?)

A young Peoria girl asked her father to buy her "The Holy City." "Nonsense, child," said the father, "How can I buy you Peoria?"

Reporter: "Do you know of any good jokes for the TECH this month?"

Miss Bass: "Why don't you take my picture?"

Dr. Packard: "Where do bugs go in winter?"

Soph.: "Search me."

FOR GOOD LOOKING GIRLS.

Gracious, aren't you connected.

We speak of Good Friday and Ash Wednesday, but Oh! you nut Sundaes.

HEARD BY THE SQUIRRELS.

Lucille J.: "These weiners are certainly A-one."

D. Battles: "They taste to me like K-nine."

Bickle: "Define: Hypothesis."

L. Norton: "Hypothesis is the superstition of a theorem."

WHO FLUNKED?

Strawberries come and strawberries go,

But prunes stay with us always.

LISTEN!

Griesser will now sing the cute little ditti entitled:

"You can lead a horse to water but it takes bull durham ter backer."

(All who feel able to and so desire, may take a short intermission of one line).

HARD EGGS MURPHY.

Mr. Collins: "When you get a little older, Don, you won't worry over an absent sweetheart. Experience is the very cream of life."

Murphy: "Yes, but it sours with age."

Freshman girl: "I like C. A. because he is so dastardly. Why, you know, he dast do almost anything."

NEVER MIND E. J.

Freshman girl (very sweetly): "What position do you play on the team?"

Jac: "Oh, I really don't know but I think I am one of the draw backs."

Dr. Wycoff: "When was the revival of learning?"

L. Hayward: "Just before examination."

NOTICE.

Has every one heard about Mr. Bickle's mustache?

Covey: "Every time you look at me you always smile."
 D. Battles: "Don't people usually laugh at funny things?"

Freshmen—Grassy.
 Sophomores—Sassy.
 Juniors—Brassy.
 Seniors—Classy (Oh Boy!).

FROM DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Gordon: "We have a cow that gives butter-milk."
 Fair maid: "How can a cow give butter milk?"
 Harry: "How can a cow give anything butt-er-milk?"

Bricknor: "While I was in the country last summer a bee lit on my nose."

Doubet: "Did it hurt when he lit?"
 Brick: "No, it didn't hurt when he lit; it was when he sat down."

I stole a kiss the other night.
 My conscience hurts, alack.
 I think—I'll go again tonight
 And put the blamed thing back.

Covey: "Say Zim, why don't you wear a cow catcher when you dance?"
 Zim: "I don't want to make it embarrassing for you."

ADVICE TO THE FRESHIES.

Man is made of dust. Dust settles. Be a man.

Burglar (just acquitted; to his lawyer): "I will drop in soon and see you."

Lawyer: "Very good, but in the day-time, please."

ARRESTED FOR SPEEDING.

"Six days or six dollars," said the Judge sternly.

Harry Brady: "I'll take the six dollars, Judge, I've got enough time on my hands as it is."

LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY.

Peacock to Dr. Burgess: "I gave you some suggestions the other day on how to run this school. Have you carried them out?"

Doc. Burgess: "Didn't you just see the janitor with that basket, he's carrying them out."

BE HONEST, WALTER.

Heard in the Exemption Board Examination Room.

Physician: "You don't dissipate do you, a fast liver or anything of that sort?"

W. Ewalt, hesitated a moment, looked a bit frightened, then trembling replied: "I sometimes chew a little 'gum.'"

A man had a dollar; he went to Dave Dunlop and paid his TECH subscription then went to his locker, and was feeling very happy. Now, Why did he feel so happy?

Hiram and his wife were paying their first visit to the Museum of Natural History. They were in the Egyptian section looking at the mummies.

Miranda asked: "Hiram, what does 'B. C. 97' on that man mean?"

Hiram replied: "Why Miranda, don't show your ignorance, that is the license number of the automobile that killed the poor fellow."

AN ALMOST PROHIBITIVE PENALTY.

"What is the extreme penalty for bigamy?"

"Two mother-in-laws."

EXTRA!! WAR NEWS.

Some of those girls who heatedly oppose preparedness in the classroom are the first ones in arms in the evening.

Wynd: "You tell it by its smell odor I mean."

C. A. is working too hard in machine shop. We would like to advise him against over work.

Ask Doubet about the Wow, the Whiff and poof.



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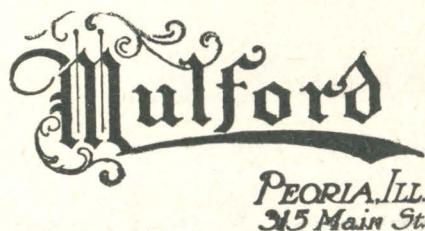
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